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APOTHEOSIS OF AN IDEAL.

An Interior-Life Drama.

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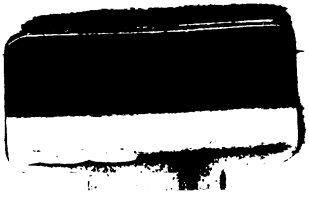

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(The gift of the spirit.)

"WHY HAST THOU CREATED MAN?"

"I WAS A HIDDEN TREASURE AND I WISHED TO BECOME KNOWN."

APOTHEOSIS

OF AN

IDEAL.

AN INTERIOR-LIFE DRAMA.

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BOSTON:
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DEDICATED,

IN BROTHERLY DEVOTION AND UNCOMPROMISING

HONESTY, TO ALL AWAKENED SOULS.

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FOREWORD.

"What is that sea whose shore is speech?
What is that pearl which in its depths is found?"
(*Gulshan I Raz.*)

THE several contents of this little volume are to be looked upon as continuous parts of one ever-expanding whole—an ORATORIO—in rhythmic speech in lieu of tune, whose transcendent theme, *i.e.*—the divine possibilities of life—is treated in five movements, having their sequence and purport as below.

It seems fitting to remark that audible or rather eu*phonic* expression is as needful to a true and adequate interpretation of the theme (as treated) as sym*phonic* is to a theme in harmony.

EVOCATION:

The call to consider the import and scope of man's existence and the superior wisdom and power of the attainments possible to all truly high aspiration.

THE SEEKING:

Rationale of an individual practical pursuit of the highest ideal and its helps and hindrances.

THE FINDING:

The difficult way appears. It is a normal interior growth, as fast and certain as fitness is proved, from common sense up to uncommon. The imperfect can find no satisfaction short of *its own* Perfect.

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EPITOME:

The deductive refrain.

APOSTROPHE:

Universal amplification and application of the central truths elicited. Man's inherent potentialities. These are his all in all and all-sufficing. Exhortation unto transcendent purity and largeness of life—the true spirituality—wherein is no place for sentimentality, superstition or idolatry. Personality to be outgrown, soul-individuality remaining. It is only within the innermost depths of man's own being that certitude, peace and the ideal Real are found. The Supreme is knowable but *known* only where consciously self-evoked. All other knowledge is as naught compared with this which, when really felt, is beyond all demonstration, the wish for it or need thereof.

As to the authorship of this deliverance, if any are inclined to raise the subject, a thoughtful perusal of its contents it is earnestly hoped will persuade inquirers that this consideration as well as all concerns touching merely the letter are utterly foreign to the spirit. The authorship, at least, is a matter of no importance, and each and all are besought to tacitly concede the point, looking only to the spirit.

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EVOCATION.

Chorus of All-Life Devas.

(Maestoso.)

Of all that hath breath
Or but promptings that hint not
So much as a mute-note
Of cosmos' grand symphony,
Nor faintest suggest of the pulse-beat of nature
Are we mover and sponsor.

Thro' us doth the formless spire into form.
Without us the uncreate knoweth not potencies;
Ne'er would transmute into flowers, into fruitage or least
bud of promise
The wealth without end
Of the thought-germs implant in the bosom of Om!

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Ours is the dispensation supreme
Untutored man conceives as stern fate.
Behold—if it favor—what homage!
Alas!—when inconstant—what blasphemy!
What impious zeal to impeach the inscrutable
Ends of our mission surpassingly meet!
Tho' to seek to discern them as seek the wise
Were the sure path toward wisdom,
Man's heritage sovereign.

When earnestly our genius is besought
A clue to give—a secret to impart
Whereby to make some tortuous pathway straight,
Lighten some crushing burden of despair
Or stay the withering blight of false philosophy,
The sensate to uphold—the soul to desecrate,
Its wanton blandishments engaging,
There are upraised some pure, clear-seeing spirits
Unerring in retrieve of precious wheat from cumbering chaff
As they harvest the ideals of our sowing,
The fervid tones of whose high-soaring accents prophet-voiced,
Swift, darting entrance unto human hearts command,

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Pierce them to the quick!
Make them to quiver with the charge electric
Of momentous messages truth-sublimed!
Asserting in transports not born of our red-heats
But from the glowing aspire of our white-heats kindled,
Man's dignity, dower, high, limitless estate
And destiny awesome,
Those grandific sanctities!
Towering majestical,
With the stars seeking company
Far above that dead-level in whose desert dust-heaps
The world doth too much elect to lie prone,
(Alas! rueful ignorance,
Marplotting pestilence!)
Whose summits resplendent with light's apotheosis—
Crown of the All-Life!
Cloud-wrapt remain—secrets unfathomed
Save to our cloud-spurning illuminati
At one with the All-Life—
In the All-Life embosomed—
Lost in its boundlessness—
Sacred self-surrender!
Found in its unity—
Self awoke to Self's great end!

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Unto the silent, consecrate Would-Bes—
Tear-christened Would-Bes
Our muse shall speak with no inconsequent sound.
Would-Bes uplift from the pits of despondency,
Sense-spurning Would-Bes
Self-raised from the death of complacency's squat and dulling contentedness,
Yet heartenèd and heavenward sent in pyramids of flame
Embracing the azure—
Spirit-dyed azure!
By souls that contemn not the consort corporeous—
Great means to greater ends!
While as between picture and pigments that body it,
That grand, living picture macrocosmic—unframable
Thro' the mute eons moving on the wheels of polarity,
The eye of the seer artistic, unenthralled
By the world's iridescence and glittering earth-mix
Looking deep—looking sooth-fast
Thro' illusion—thro' veil,
Meets the all-seeing eye of the Artist consummate
Who conceives . . . . and conceives . . . .
While we enact and enact!

To the Would-Bes we speak.

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CHARACTERS,

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL,

PARTICIPATING IN THE

ACTION.

NAMELESS,.....A truth-seeker. (the composite individuality both personal and impersonal.)

HIS SOUL,.....(pure transcendental impersonality.)

HIS EGO,.....(pure personality—the temporal individuality.)

ALTERIA,.....His indwelling Divine-womanly.

ETHERIA,.....A virgin.

ADON-AI,.....Son of Eternal Light.

FEAR,

and

INVISIBLES.

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THE SEEKING.

(Serioso con spirito.——Semplice vivace.——Calore con moto.——Quieto con grazia.)

[*Nameless seen wandering in solitude.*]

NAMELESS:

I tire of my Present; a stifling, earthy Present,
Tho' laden sweet with joys heart of mortal should make glad.
With me, they turn to ashes.

Not all,—but what content my brothers—
Serve to recreate and sate
Lose their savor when I taste them—
Loathings bring;—I crave avoidance.

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Beyond that anxious, frontward look
And unremitting strain to hold
A course, nor hope the helm to quit
In the compelling earth-life's voyage,
The Past for us hath planned occultly—
Wise energies forsooth
Self-centered to a fault,
While from the tether to belittling wants freed rarely,—
What beyond this their life infills?

What but a profitless din and whirl,
A vapid seeming—a cozened pride,
Surfeits of bric-a-brac quirks and cares,
Round upon round of gewgaws and smirks—
Honeyed detestables! Nothings with names—
High-acid vocables! High-spiced delectables!
High-strung amenities held at a price and bartered for gain,
What but a scramble of blist'ring conceits and corroding
frivolities—
Soul-killers all!

True to the life speaks the mirror I hold,
Howe'er they extenuate
Or hotly repudiate.

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In terms of downright earnestness we're told
Such is Custom's stern decree,
To break with which is in a rain
Of stinging life-hurts to walk unshielded,
Ever so calmly, discord-abhorringly tho' it be done.
"Better conformity.
Who thinks to escape the strict law of recompense—"
(The wo'n't-allow-you-to-know-more-than-we law)
"Let him be disciplined"—still seems the cry.
Echo the inquisitorial ages
Amen . . . . . and amen!

Away from such life, its zests and its condiments,
Leads a lone path which beckons—allures
With promise the fairest.
'Tis bordered with wild-flowers, defiles thro' the pine groves
Now beside the still waters, anon thro' a glen,
And tho' I seem lonely as wandering I muse,
A sad recluse perchance
Or hapless dupe of wizard, mania or dream,
To number my friends is to count all the stars,
Yea, all that hath breath and breathes it in purity,
Nay,—seems is not trustworthy.
I walk not alone.

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[*A distant, plaintive call causes him to pause.*]

I hear a voice calling. How familiar—how suppliant!
It floats down a vista that leads to bright yesterdays—
Rose-scented yesterdays.
"Return to the garden of Eden, mad wanderer,
Nor forfeit thine heirship and stewardship dutiful
Portioned to thee without right of release
Or retreat from community and the world's common service,
Howe'er they harass thee and prey on thy sanctities"
It beseeching adviseth.
Tho' unheeded its warnings,
Heart-sent are its pleadings
And heart-moved I follow in the wake of its urge.

[*Some time transpires.*]

[*Nameless returned to former habitudes.*]
[*Despairingly.*]

Once again in the vortex!
'Mid the swirl and the din—the froth and the foam—
Harsh jostling of churls and vaporings noxious,
The voice has immured me.
To buffet the waves that rush to engulf or cajole me to seaward
I nothing am daunted.
But what bodes it all?

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This voice that would make me its vassal, retainer,
Is it stern Duty's own or that of some zealot
World-wise and under-taught
Screaming utility and the gospel of real?
If Duty so speak, strange that befriender should know me so futilely.
I crave closer acquaintance.

[*Inexorably.*]

From out this fell sway of the sense-world I haste—
This puppet-show life—this harlequin dance—this contract with Pleasure—
These wiles that becloud tho' they may not begrime.
I cannot but sever these toys for man's childhood—
These rude signs and tutors—a bane when outgrown,
From the cordials—elixirs—that quicken—infuse—
Restore the soul's birthright and flash its sublimity
Afar in the darkness!
The black gloom freezing in rigors of dread
At its omnific might!

[*Turns his footsteps to his favorite peaceful haunts.*]

Again my woodland solitudes I trace, deliv'rance finding
In the calm, reposeful haunts of rustling trees.

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With floating, scented cadences
And murm'ring, eerie silences
I hold a converse sweet and free as any fairy or sylph.
Their tender, soothing welcoming
The inner wind-harp softly thrills.
I listen well—I listen tense.
'Tis then the soul spreads its illume,
Expands from bud to snowy-petaled flower
And laves me in a virgin spray
Holier than breath of gloried morn in May.

[*Falls into a dreamy siesta under the trees.*]

[*Starts up,—rudely aroused.*]

Alas! 'tis a harsh and discordant reminder—
The bray of the senses—it shrills at my ears.
I go with them far as I must but no further.
Go with me my soul.

[*Retraces his steps dejectedly—after going some distance, he hears soft music—wanders off from the path and comes to a beautiful hillside covered with wild-flowers which he discovers exhale the music—sits 'mid the thick of the flowers and gives play to the entrancing influences surrounding—a glow comes over him as he feels the approach of a magic influence—his mood becomes buoyant, and as the music of the flowers grows more distinct he joins in, softly singing:*

Of beauteous flowers—
Earth's comeliest dowers,
Pain-redeeming,
In gladness teeming,

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The which are seraph-smiles, they say,
Blooming in perpetual May,
Breathing out in incense-prayer
Gratitude for life so fair,
Shapes conformed in Beauty's matrix,
Sprinkled quick with rainbow-aura,
Scattered, then, in myriad places.
Mark their upturned, puresome faces
Sensate man!
Their meanings scan.
Ah, yes,—of petals' lovely guise
Looking from deeps with spirit-eyes
A sun-christened maid is archetype.

[*A form steps forth out of the invisible.*]

ETHERIA:

I am the glad, golden glister that drowns thee.
Daphne's aroma and attar of rose
I scatter in mist 'round thy comings and goings.
If I should chide thee when thou look'st sad
What canst thou say?
What wilt thou do to me?
Ever so tenderly now do I dare thee
To cobweb thy brow—conjure a sigh
Or cast thy glad eyes away into vacancy.

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I'm a sweeper of cobwebs.
That thou canst not deny.
One wave of my wand charms away any sigh.
Look . . . me . . . straight i' the eye.

[*He looks and smiles.*]

Dost thou know my real name?
It is Starbeam—I came from that bright, gleaming star
That peers out of the west at the glad, rosy sunset.
I'm always at sunsets; I never yet missed one,
But thou hast missed many on bleak, cloudy days
[*Tearfully.*] When I've been away.
And ah,—that reminds me
[*Brightening up again.*] I've a secret to tell thee.
Come near while I whisper.

Whene'er thy day's cloudy,
Instead of repining
Go under our tryst-tree—
Our heart-song breathe warmly,
Then, toward the west facing,
Thine eye-balls press gently
Till thou hast spelt Starbeam.
I'll be with thee straight
And stay for the day.

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[*With an arch smile.*]

Mine is a fixed star,
A sun,—you see—that never sets,
And so thou'lt know I'm always there
Behind the clouds, however they frown
And empty their buckets of dreariness down,
Thank your stars!
thro' a strainer.

[*Seriously.*]

But O, be thou happy each day as it o'ertakes thee.
Never can I bear to speak to a day that brings thee grief.
Thou 'rt born for rarest happiness.
So says my star.
It ought to know.
Besides, its signs lurk in thy face.
I hold the key.
They 're meant for me.
This world is fair.
How passing fair!
Just back of yon hill is our Arcady.
Hand in hand with thy Starbeam walk
In the sunshine and truth of the ideal life.

On May-day, at even, I'm with thee again.

[*She culls a handful of the flowers at one reach and bears them away with her into the invisible after tokening him with a spray.*]

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NAMELESS:

Ah! Vision of loveliness—
Sun-christened sprite!
Lily-white bloom of my heart's tend'rest wish.
Go not so soon.
I languish without thee—
Crave thy sweet lingering, O, my beatitude!
Wave but thy wand.
Bring May-day at even
Or Knight-of-the-Starbeam must sink in despair!

[*Gazes, in a tremor—no reappearance—lapses into a fit of melancholy.*]

[*After a time, Nameless wanders pensively back to the path.*]

Alas! my bright fairy knows not what she is to me.
Can she e'er know?

[*Pauses, reflectively.*]

The ideal life—ah, 'tis that which I seek.
But what if my Arcady differ from hers—
Be further away—to her strange and unknown,
High up on a mountain-crest steep of approach,
To humans unparadised!

Of the reach of the life transcendent, unprofane
My thought would adequate descant:—

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A soothfastness volitioned and single-eyed,
A love earth-free, spirit-pure, nor stayed by unrequite,
In silent, shoreless rivers spontaneous outpoured,
Whelming all sharers of the mystic throb of life
In one unfathomed, surging flow
Of sympathy kind as sunshine's glow
Broadly, benignly spreading;

A self-law unselfed,
Outer ruled—inner ruling,
The realm of the known
By its thought-wielding knower—
Reflect in the doer
Full royally sceptered.
No dissonance hearing
In the harmonied rhythm
Of law all-compassing—
Wisdom-blended;

Like the lustral calm outbreathing—
Calm of the hill-top at summer dawning—
Matins for the fuller light—
Virgin airs the white Light seeking,
Like the restful calm of eve—

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Gloried stillness tenderly star-dropt—
In meekness yielding irradiant joys
To joyless night
When lowers heart's oppress.

[*His thoughts grow more exalted—he cannot preserve his wonted calmnsss—he is unable to mentally delineate his fuller aspiration,—presently there breaks upon the stillness a choiring of voices in unison of superhuman purity and grace—in throbbing expectancy, he listens:*]

CHORUS OF INVISIBLES.

(Adagio nobile tranquillo.)

Far . . . . . far . . . . at unmeasured remove from the life of frail humans
Nor earthy, nor fleshly distraint and defile there gaining intrusion,
On hights of resplendence suffused with the Love-Light ineffable—
Hearts in the great Heart immersèd—
Minds touching Mind in white thought-flow—
Souls quaffing deep of the space-flooding True!
Form and the sense-world in vapory nothings—pigmy abstractions—dissolving;
There . . . . . there . . . . . tho' vestured yet in vestment of mortals,

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Life superhuman Truth's denizen liveth
In works of great moment co-worker.

Thitherward turn the immortals—
Victoried strivers with darkness—
Statures of mortals amplificate—
Grandly unmoved by the tumults of humans—
Banishing plaint for the life that now is.
Verily they that seek do find.

Life in all states hath a perfect.
Purely sees who purity is.
In the pure life of spirit bounds are not.
Only the pureless are bounden.
Wisely their eyes are holden.

Gaze, O, gaze!
As we highten our rays
And limn the orient haunts of Peace.

[*The vision appears.*]

NAMELESS:

[*Startled and breathless.*]

It rises before me in phantom superlative.
Its peaks touch the heavens—they are livid with glory!

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See!—it looks back in sadness at Earth's dusky present.
Ah, no, 'tis no fatal mirage that would lead me
To cravings fanatic or pit-falls self-harmful.

[*The intense light dazzles him and he must needs turn away—looks again but the vision has vanished—given up to his emotions, he cries out imploringly:*]

O, Soul! is it meet or unmeet to pursue it?

SOUL:

[*Benignly.*]

I am thy mentor—
Thy true magnetic needle.
Unerring do I point thee to the pole-star, Rectitude—
Sovereign star of all—
The North—whereby all mariners
Must steer their course o'er life's vast sea.

I charge thee live the life ideal,
Not merely think it,
Nay,—nor live it haply in some future
But now—where thou art placed.
Neither thy law expect to stand
To others equally confessed
Ere yet their souls are trustingly enthroned.
Ponder these things.

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Let charity—love—flow from thee in rivers.
Pour self into not-self and Self universal.
How to suit means to ends comes not in my province.
I know not conventions—conditions—appliances.
Thyself is the joiner.
Raise thine own structure and leave in the basement fit place for the senses
Till thou hast outlived them.
More than this it behooveth me not to disclose.
Look for that in the time thou art quit of thy Present.
Then, I shall be thou and thou shalt be one.
As thou dost fit thyself wisdom to covet
The Sphinx must confide it.
It rests with thyself!
Ideals deceive not, tho' strangely elusive,
Live the ideal
Now and still now,
As thou dost see it.

[*Significantly.*]

Ever have courage to go where it leadeth.

EGO:

Yes, the ideal.
But how to reach that dangered hight?

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No stairway beckons.
Heaven no ladder proffereth
Round upon round to mount.
Wings to cleave the airy main?
Never so surely fadeth the flower of new-born wish
Ere yet 'tis all abloom—as this:
To soar as soars the dove.

How rend the chains of environment?
How build a wall 'round aspiration
To stay the profane of infantile minds?
What peace is found 'mid a crass unrest?
How yoke with idolaters' Juggernaut—
Mammon-enslaving—
Babylon-ruling!
And fend an unholy self-sacrifice?

Ah, vain is the hope for a sheer unattainable.
How speaketh the Soul
So calmly confiding—
So mystic-instilling—
So reason-transcending?
What is life—by its law
But death—by the prevalent?

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SOUL: [*With transcendent tenderness.*]

Ever the star-lit eyes
Shall gaze on the unattained.
Ever the rainbow's ahead
Subtly elusive its shifting.
Think'st thou arrival comes never,
Or hides it—
dissolving in endless endeavor?

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THE FINDING.

(Timoroso.—Tremendo diminuendo.—Poco a poco largo.—Larghissimo.)

[*Nameless, arriving at the edge of the wood, sits upon a grassy knoll and gazes meditatively into the deep, still water of the lake at his feet—it is a cloudless day and in the water is vividly reflected the sky—suddenly appears mirrored in the azured lake, by some invisible agency above, these words, in aureolic letters :—*]

ADON-AI:

There is—that in secret transports
Every consecrate Would-Be to the haven of surety.
Thence speeds it forth to the Now and Here
Swiftly as thought—the magnific of motion—
Scepter and soul of it!
Circuits the map of the cosmic immensities
Drawing the eons—all space—to a point.
What most is called real

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Is naught but Real's mask.
Follow Ideal! [*The vision vanishes.*]
Up to me if thou *dare*st.

[*The last line has vanished just before he gets to it, along with the rest, as he reads—he retains no further impression of it than the first word and part of the last:* UP *and* DARE.]

[*A new and strange excitement comes over him—he is seized with a rigor—it grows upon him—a malignant presence confronts him—he bids it speak its worst.*]

FEAR:

[*Ominously—rising to frantic realism of what is portrayed.*]

Yet hearken well, bold aspirant!
I, tho' a stranger, but quondam friend,
Hold the odds against thee now.
Now art thou adjurèd, witling:—

Blackened and scarred by the wrath of Elementals,
Blasted and chasmed by the fury of Gorgon—
Demoniac shrieks!—
The hiss and the venom of tempters malign
Writhing to clutch for their own horrid uses
Powers might loose accursèd Chaos—ghastly Ruin
To torture and rack into gibbering frenzy
The souls of the many!

[*Nameless, dazed and tremulous, covers his face.*]

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Gaped at and fumed against by these horrors dire,
The mad, reeling wield of Apollyon enthroned—
Perils unspeakable!
Seductions unnerving!
Is the desolate pass leading up thro' the steeps—
The dread realm of Awe!
Frail man stuns senseless,
Yea, bends him in homage—
From his lowlands of ignorance
To the hights of the God-man!

[*Sneeringly.*]

These for thy portents—
Best of all solaces.
This very night will I sweeten thy dreams with them,
Thou would-be fool when thou mights't be a wise-one
And pet of the world!

NAMELESS:

Avaunt, prating craven! Impostor!
I've nothing with thee.
Ply thine arts and thy sorceries—
Thy hobgoblin tales—
Where cringes poltroonery.

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FEAR:

Grim philosoph I,
Outdone by no simpleton.
Have seen wiselings like thee
Bring up in a mad-house
For spurning mine offices.
Much have I with thee,
Albeit "nothing" with me,
In a tremble thou'rt gibbering.

A friend of rare value
In ultra emergencies
I am minded to summon.
Woulds't thou look upon beauty—
Beauty's own doweress
Fair Medusa will charm thee.
Ay—mend thy cracked brain,
Tie up thy wits in a knot of hard sense—
Do thee in art—
Thine own sculptor make thee—
Eke—thyself thine own idol!
Since that seems thy bent.

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NAMELESS:

Arch deluder! Pretender! Undoer!
Forger of shackles that make men to crawl!
Thralldom's Black Prince!
I am thy master.
I serve another.
Take thyself hence. [*Fear slinks off.*]

[*Nameless, having recovered composure, begins to think deeply of the words of the Planetary Spirit, Adon=ai, the last two especially which he barely caught, viz—Up and Dare.*]

Those words and their import—
How they thrill my whole being!
In the boundless immerse me!
My vast empire unroll!
What were limits . . . . are none.
I expand . . . . expand they
And ideal
Without end!

But that it behooved not my soul to communicate;
What of that, mighty potentate—
Sense-world's annuller?

SOUL: [*Austerely.*]

Daring idealist!
For that which might unman and rend thee

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Still dost thou thirst?
More than sufficeth for needs of the present
Is thine to command.
Thyself's to command unto purposive action
For work in thy vineyard.
Think thy knowledge in crystals—
Deeds—that ennoble, uplift and emancipate.
True,—sense is a cipher
But joined to a quantum described in ideal
Tenfold will enhance it.
But think more in crystals
And thou 'lt think less in star-dust
That scatt'reth efficiencies—
Drives from thee thy kind.

I solemnly charge thee:
Tempt not the future.
Forsake not the present!

[*Nameless cannot be quieted—starts back convulsively at what seems to stand out before him in flaming letters:*]

ADON=AI:

Follow Ideal!!

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NAMELESS:

How follow?—where follow
If not toward man's future—
My true, mystic heirship?

SOUL: *(Aside.)*

Ah! the rim of the Self-Law—
The Auto-deific!
Great secret of secrets—
The key of my power—
Unlocks the arcanum!
He fearless approacheth.

[*Piercing Nameless with a searching look.*]

Has he aught of desire
Unquenchable—masterful
To the earth-life to bind him?
Has he courage sublime?

[*After complete penetration, Soul appears dubious of unequivocal answers.*]

NAMELESS:

The gift of divining think'st thou I have not
When thyself hast vouchsafed it me?
The thought in thy whisper—
Think'st thou it germeth not yet in mine augury?

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What thou dost descry—
What gives thee disquiet—
I fain would unravel.
It burdens my solitude.

Yet will I compass it.

SOUL:

It rests with thyself!

NAMELESS: [*Introspectively.*]

What of desire?
Let me adjudge it.

A precept cardinal
Of this star-lit path I follow
In this wise hath it:
"Quench desire!"

Ah! is it not of Purity the diadem?
What, in the glowing constellation
Of gem-thoughts studding all high aspire throughout the ages
More truly is the lamp
Lit in the illume of the empyrean

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That brightest gleams
Athwart the darksome way of every questor
Intent upon the holy mount of Truth?
To essay the ascent
The watchword never can be else or less.
Quench—yea, without stint or sparing
Whate'er betrays alloy with mere indulgence
For with much stealth the inner sense it clogs.

Well do I know and truly
The genius of this counsel—
Grave . . . . . profound!
Yet oft decried as folly.
Where the quickened spirit is
Naught gainsays this wisdom lofty.
Where it is not
Wisdom yet slumbereth.

But when amid this earth-maze intricate,
The while to grope its devious ways
We are constrained—without appeal,
There entereth the sacred cloister
Of our inmost thought divine
By secret portal ne'er yet opened

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A pulsing stream of sympathy
That knoweth well its true, eternal home
At last is found!
And kindleth there a very altar-flame
Of life exalted!
When—in such course
Burst open wide the magic gates
Bent with weight of mighty secrets,
Blazing forth the destiny magnific
That points man to the godhood
He but willeth to attain!
Then is desire transfigurèd!
Then is it a thirsting for the living God!
Then does soul-flowed sympathy work miracles
And I may quaff purely of its waters.

ALTERIA: [*Interiorly and occultly.*]

Blest are the spirit-pure—my pure
Who into the soul-life hath entrance gained.
Face to face with the Indweller have I brought him—
Soul of my soul!—life of my life!
Seeking in Etheria the transcendent,
Me hath he found, unknowing,
In the sweet virgin mirrored.

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NAMELESS:

[*Continuing—not aware of the mystic undertones.*]

Ah, pure—pure essence of the All-Life spiritual!
How shineth forth thy mystic aureole supernal
For the eyes that can receive its rayless light!

ALTERIA:

Ah! truly doth he know the love divine—the ecstasy of it.
Early hath he sought—early found me.
Of the holy twice-born of water and the spirit is he.
Why in this earth-land alien longer tarrieth he?
Ah, know I not Etheria it is he awaiteth.

NAMELESS:

[*After another hushed pause, seemingly involuntary with him.*]

And from this wondrous holy, immaculate soul-union
Shall be create no scion of earth
Whereby in outlived soil of earth to painfully involve it,
For what is earthly pain and woe
But a no-escaping prod to work its cure?
And what the cure
Unless the grand-intended, will-unbended uplift from the temporal?
The which I see fulfilled.

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ALTERIA: [*Inwardly—to Etheria.*]

O, Etheria, thou virgin mild and lily-guised:
Art thou of the inner-eyed—the immaculate-minded?
Seest thou the virgin's apocalypse dawning—
The dawn divine for blessèd woman
In the east of her new mission breaking?
Mission which in the conceiving
More than woman maketh her—higher enthroneth her
Until she becometh arch-angeled,
Spiritward pointing the earth-children!

O, virgin, thou crowning thought of the Ineffable!
Breath of the holy Love-Breather ere by the earth-mists tinctured!
Thine heart—in the white-heats sublime it.
Heart's desire!—let it prayerful dissolve and flow
In love-rills seraphic
Back thro' the spirit-inlets
Unto the font baptismal
Where welleth up quintessent joys
To memory lost since thine earth-flights—
Lost since thy being's estranging
From habitudes stayed in the supercelestial,
Life that is whiteness induing.

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Life that is love's deificate!
Love that is human-transcending!
In a glad-and-sad symphony blending
Wake thee from soul-slumber dulling 'mid mute surprise,
Wake thee to thrills and the ravishment
Of consecrate yearnings and prayer-dropping tears,
Whelming thine heart-deeps with hopes that tremble for such hoping
And pangs of joy beatific!

Thou that sleepest, awake!
True paradise waits thee.
Ensouled in thee shall be Alteria.

NAMELESS:

[*With calm penetration—no longer unaware of Alteria's presence.*]

O, verity that crowneth all!
Now is this darksome earth-sphere become a very morning-land!
Where for laws primeval of existence are exchanged
Laws preëminent, eternal—of pure being.
And there shall be create that which is born for the life eterne—
An ideal!

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That shall take the very potence of a god!
For now . . . . now upon the hights do I see truly
The shining goal of mine aspirings.
The secret of the ever-shifting unattained
Its crystal glisten now distills.

O, Etheria—my soul's own!—come!

[*Etheria has been impressed by Alteria's mystic call, in spite of herself—advances unnoticed to the side of Nameless.*]

Thy vision clear
And this behold:
My—our—ideal of all ideals no other is
Than our own divinely-natived love and wisdom full-supremed!
Known—only as our very self becometh that we seek—
Even *our* God!
Which to *know* is to MAKE!!

So alone is ever the UNNAMED imaged and declared.

ETHERIA:

Now in the white Light doth it appear how unspeakably sacred 'tis to live.

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NAMELESS:

Yet hallowèd and evidenced only as the life ceaseless advanceth spiritward.

Let us dare to think upon That we shall be!

[*Their eyes are upturned—their faces are illumined.*]

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EPITOME.

ETHERIA:

Clamber as the clinging vine should the life-ideal,
Rearing self-reliance—thine oak-tree—for support.

NAMELESS:

Earth the budding Would-Be raiseth,
Mayhap sees its richest flowering.

SOUL:

But the golden Nows—the fruitage?

ALTERIA:

Blest to-days that ever linger—
Life stepped forth from cherished pictures
Hung by Faith in spiring stairways up the past;

NAMELESS:

Earth must consume in such white-heats of fervor.

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EGO:

Ah, truly! My days and my mission—they haste to their end!

NAMELESS:

Since Being is selfless.

Wisely we follow ideal where it leadeth.

EGO:

To the end I resign me.
Survive, O, ye that are most fitted for the larger life!

NAMELESS, SOUL, ALTERIA:

To be as one emancipate—
This alone doth show things as they are
And attune the understanding unto that mirific Voice
Which to *hear* is to live by!

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APOSTROPHE

TO THE

"REALIST."

By the Auto-Deifier.

(Grave e grandioso.)

O, ... thou . . . . . human ephemeral!
Whose thought is as the fleeting day and to a day's breadth shriveled,—
Royalty in exile drooping!
Shorn of the fruits of the royal:—
Count it no marvel, no ungrace for that thou thus art plaintless charactered;
My throneless realm—kingdom not of thy world—abode of the Gnosis
Deep in the silence-haunted crypt of the temple of Wisdom gated,

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Wherein doth magical, entheal hymn the silences Peace
and the Pure doth sentry well,
Dread-black folds of darkness thick and gross,
Dark of the nether—the outer—the rank spurious—
Maya's dense veil close woven, closer drawn
Over the face of the Formless
Down . . . down . . . into finitude fulgently darting
sapient, vivific glances!
There's to pierce to apprehend ;
There's to rive with venture magnifical
To perceive mine identity—
Face the arcanum!

Dweller in the void!
Earth-child unwitting entombed in the earth-mold of
semblance:—
Thick, choking, soul-blighting sense-dark
Exhaling intoxicant fumes that in sense-pleasures torpor
thee
Thy walk in high places—thy shining goal 'mid their
cloud-piercing summits,
Thine, of a truth, thro' vast reaches of time-distance
Stretching far out from inscrutable Alphas

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Shrouds and oblivions—
Thou the arch-darkener!

As in chasm dread, floorless, insatiate
The pride of thy sun-sphere its glory forgetteth,
Its etherous brightness profundity-fronted into leaden gloom condensing,
So rayless—flung awry into impotence opaque—the gleams of the earth-mind coruscate
On lighting the indeeps of wisdom proud-bent
Fatefully become,
Vantaged naught by subtlest astute
In puissant strive and arts of sage intent.
Vacuous earth-mind! Vanity-breeder!
Thine be the odium—thou, the soul's duress!
Palsied shalt thou ever be in the hissing stare of dire negation!!

(Molto elevato.)

O, ... thou . . . . . universe-possessor! :—
Why settest thou enrigored limits to man's right of eminent domain?
Why raisest thou the prison-walls of little self and want imbruting

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The while to inveigh and chafe as vehement chafes the freedom-denied
'Gainst what but the mad infliction of captive unwary self-captivate?
Wouldst thou the changeless, the permanent inhabit—the vast survey—amplitude traverse?
Poised at the inmost centric of circles on circles of being,
Omnist wouldst thou artless be—
Rectitude's geometer
Out in the illimit stretching
Compasses joined at Truth's evanishing-point
And in the all-knowing fulcrumed
Where the knowers unhumaned that shall be
With it common cause doth make?

If to so magnify and exalt thy viewless powers
That do but wait upon intrepid summons,
If to consort and lofty converse hold with sempiternal verities—
Life-throbs of the space-imbuing aura of th' immutate Real wherein the gods do habit—
Thoughts that to the soul are volant couriers from purer spheres

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Winging electric their imperate, time-nulling courses
Far from purblind ken of mortals distanced,
If to such attain thou e'er shouldst mighty-purposed be—
scornful of dolor—calm amid stress,
Mark,—O, alien from thy summited prerogative!
How tongues th'enwisdomed Oracle of the humanless
Within
In accents keen-searching to prurient heart as caustic is
to proud-flesh:
"Utterly cast forth self.
And whether there be joy, hope, fear, vantage or renown
From the great sumless—all-oneness of life-breathers—
covetous-parted,
Count it but dross—dust in the eyes—the all-view filming
And thyself in thine own light standing!"

(Lamentoso.)

Alas for the selfly!
That doth pervert and jeopard, yea, in mode and temper
of the brute
Opulent bestowments fit for kingliest adorn
From fontal plenitudes of spotless grace and pulsing
virtue lavish dropt.

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Lo! hence is the great commonalty sightless for views firmamental.
Hence is man unmanned and suicided!
Hence are potentials frustrate
And, to and fro' across the speculum of time
Thou seest a surging thick of dwarfish shadows glide,
Your mundane chosen ones and strong, force-dealing potentates
A clearer outline showing, yet naught above the common level do they loom,
Since that which greatness was to them, 'mid loud acclaim
And is, of need, to earth-esteem profane where'er 'tis theatered,
Hath value none and sanction slight in the immortal code.
But mark—as 'mid the spectered press is vivid cast upon the omniform reflect
A shadow of mien majestic—giantesque,
While lowly-garbed, unsought and uncompanioned.

(Nobilimente.)

Rising serene above the rest
Behold the soul-magian!
Destined not for epic's touch nor yet for history's dress,
Whose form, with head uplift, doth solemn pass, inviting fixèd scrutiny.

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O, thou, who with thine Inmost lackest free acquaint—
contemplate!
'Tis one of the nobility-at-large,
Acknowledged not—for knowledge meet there scarce is
found save with th' unseen.
Nay—draw not admonish—make not obeisance unless
'twere void of surface-manifest
For outward hath no standing with the inward it so oft
doth think to simulate
And elsewise, of a truth, all offertory is but unction laid
unto the hearts that crave
And needs must image ample somewhat howsoe'er to
lean upon.
Presentment of knower and magister is here;
Yea, and prescient dweller in the all-embracing—the im-
personal,
For that the inner lenses a wondrous clarity hath taken on
And with exceeding nicety full unto the all-sight hath
freely found adjust.

(Con impeto doloroso.)

The human contrariant
In lieu thereof doth every power strain to poignant tension
Avowed to compass what?

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Of a surety what availeth it, this that hath been wrought?
A mixtured hoard of quasi-knowledges and values jealous-prized is garnered up,
Here and there a lustrous grain of verity its worth betraying,
The while, with strained assume, knowledge, unless glib-named and human-catalogued
Is reckoned void—as tho' 'twere not th' eternal circumambient free dispensed unto the apt
But somewhat creature-made and fashioned standing in need of sponsors.
Enough it doth suffice withal,—
The higher use ignored, that it be widely known this worth's possessed;
Enough!—to eager crib the all-emoluments
And to the gross—the evanescent—froward make them ministers.
Albeit,—what of the fated end?
Selfdom is betrayed!—head-and-heart pseudos insidious beset,—
The king is his own usurper!

Wherefore, to think in all things divest of sense of self
Is steadfast to approach high ingress arduous to Wisdom's outer courts—

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Steadfast to ascend from dwarfdom
Unto the great arch-regnancy!

(Grave grave devoto al fine.)

O, ... thou . . . . . heir to the Absolute! :—
Unto thee hath it been declared what things are permanent and what shall pass away.
Unto thee in sagas hath been shown the substance of things hoped for.
Fiat is thine—range is thine—and the divine plenipotence that maketh . . *is* . . of was-not.
Self eliminate—else were wrought thy disinherit—arriveth the sage
Bearing thy titles.
But inward, still inward urge thy tremulous attent
For that th'enwisdomed Oracle a sequel hath eluding Reason's plummet
To lack which were with sealèd grants of worth inestimate to be invest
Their hushed, full-fraught intent the while estopt from slenderest interpret.

There remaineth the super-essential:

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(Devotissimo.)

"Soothfast evoke the *Self!*
This, thy Centrality, bespeak:—
SHINE, O, SUN INCOMPARABLE!!
This, thy Secondless Reality:—
THY REALDOM COME!!"

Thus only is fulfilled the promise, sum of promises.
Thus alone 'tis suretied who seeing, loseth all
Gaineth the all-dominant.

O, being with the name ever coupled with the infinite!
O, dweller in the birthless, timeless Now! :—
Marvel not that wherefore thou art, thou art alway.
Neither marvel of thy wherefore aught
Since unto thy *Whither* the mystic traceries would guide.
Spiritward lies thy heritage.
Thence doth ever beckon with soul-intensing plead
The hidden, periled course mounting upward—ever upward
Thro' storm-clouds raged and lightning-shattered—
On . . . . . on . . . . in rapturous rhythmic,
Vivid and more vivid spiraling
Thro' the grandeur-wrought surprises of thy higher being's plenum doth it track!

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Soft!—its tracing disappeareth in the star-maze—
in the peace-haunts—
'Mid the symphonies of white Light—.
But 'tis endless as the starry maze itself.

O, thou, thine own and only architect—establisher—ruler—perfecter!

O, thou, thine own and only sower and reaper—preserver or destroyer!

O, thou, thine own and only breaker of the seals—right to the emancipate—master-key to the arcanum—solvent Word! :—

Whoso, looking calmly out upon Entirety's face
Can straightway introvert the ampliate gaze
And find both seer and the seen interior-sphered
As self-same One inseparate;—
Making no litanies, nor for dispensations
Nor aught of recompense for duty done
A thought bestowed;—
Harboring no choice apart from the One
all-excellent—all-pervasive

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Ensamples and autotypes the REAL immaculate—immutable—consummate—the one and only REAL
And shall be called

Sufficer.

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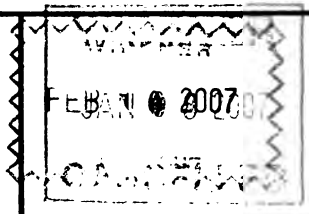

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